Children's Hymns

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Children's Hymns

With Pictures & Music

Edited by Mrs. Carey Brock

Compiler of The Children's Hymn Book

MARCUS WARD & CO LIMITED
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Dedicated to

My Grandchildren

Frances E. G. Carey Brock.

St. Peter's Rectory,
Guernsey.

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PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

H2660

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.

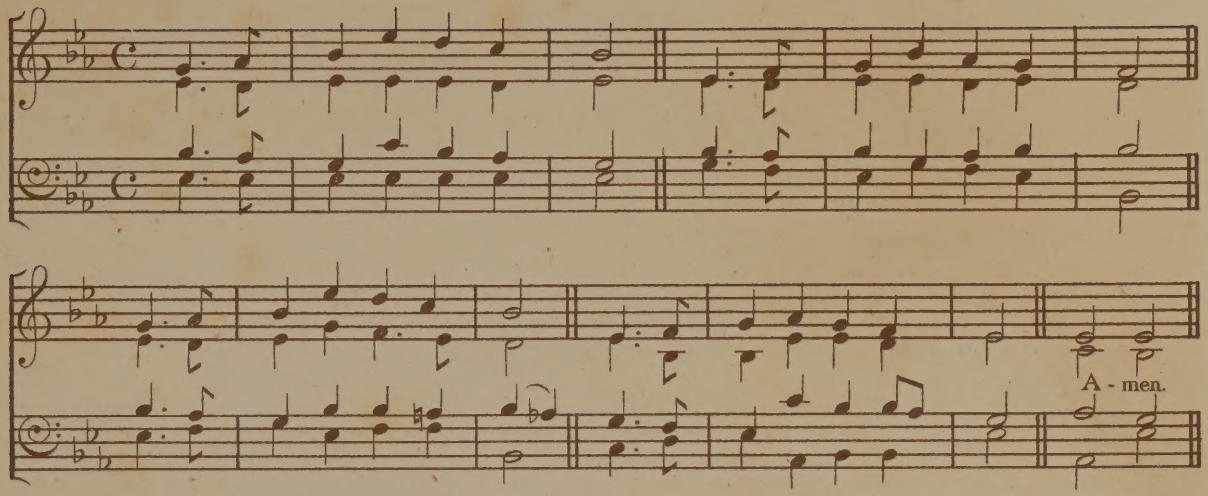
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Oh, my God, forbid it not!
Give me, blessèd Lord, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

Put Thy Hands upon my head,
Let me in Thine Arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon Thy Breast,
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

Hold me fast in Thine embrace,
Let me see Thy smiling Face;
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing, give;
Pray for me, and I shall live:

I shall live a simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife;
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still. Amen.


A - men.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs.

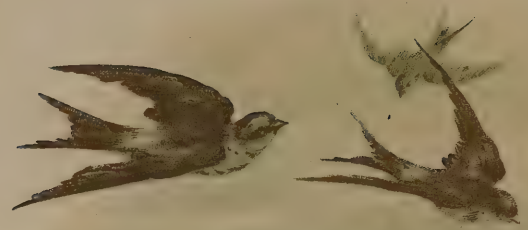
Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

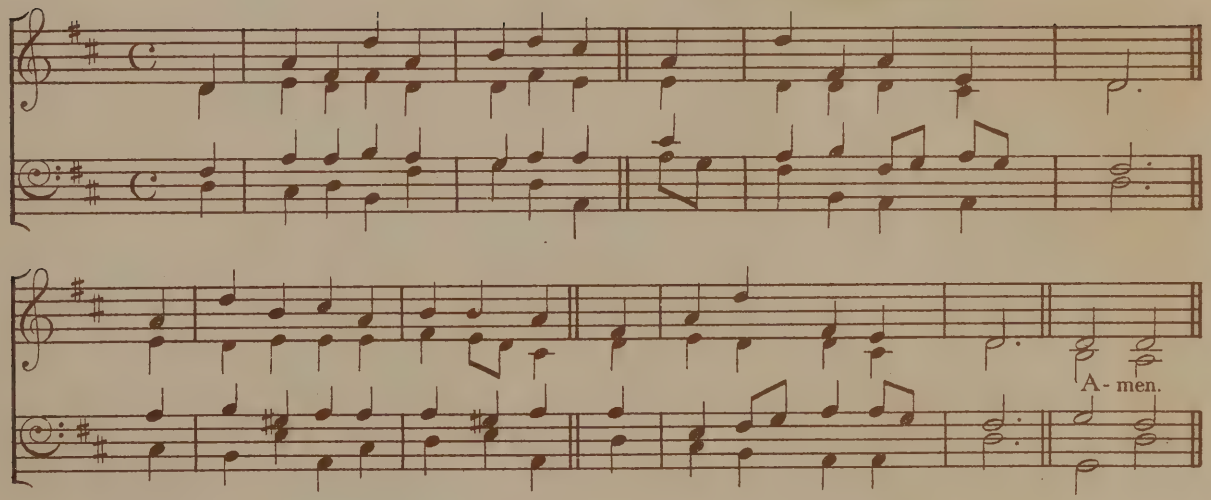
"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply;
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.




A- men.

Again the morn of gladness.

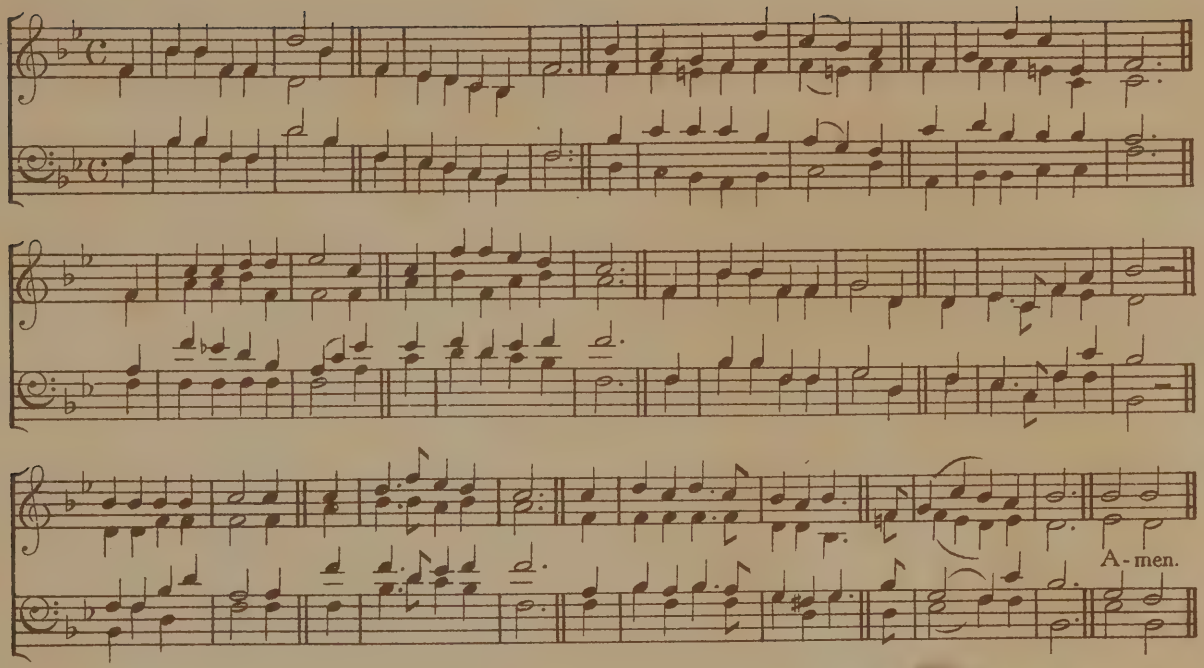
AGAIN the morn of gladness,
  The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
  And Heaven itself more near:
The bells, like Angel voices,
  Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
  To keep the day of rest.

After each verse.

Glory be to JESUS,
  Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again,
  On this glad day!

Again, O loving Saviour,
  The children of Thy Grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
  Within Thy chosen place:
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
  If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
  Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
Glory be, &c.

The shining choir of Angels
  That rest not day nor night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
  The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of JESUS
  In pastures fair above,
These all adore and praise Him
  Whom we too praise and love.
Glory be, &c.



Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
  Sing, children, sing His Name!
Still louder and still further
  His mighty deeds proclaim!
Till all whom He redeemèd
  Shall own Him Lord and King;
Till every knee shall worship,
  And every tongue shall sing—
    Glory be, &c. Amen.

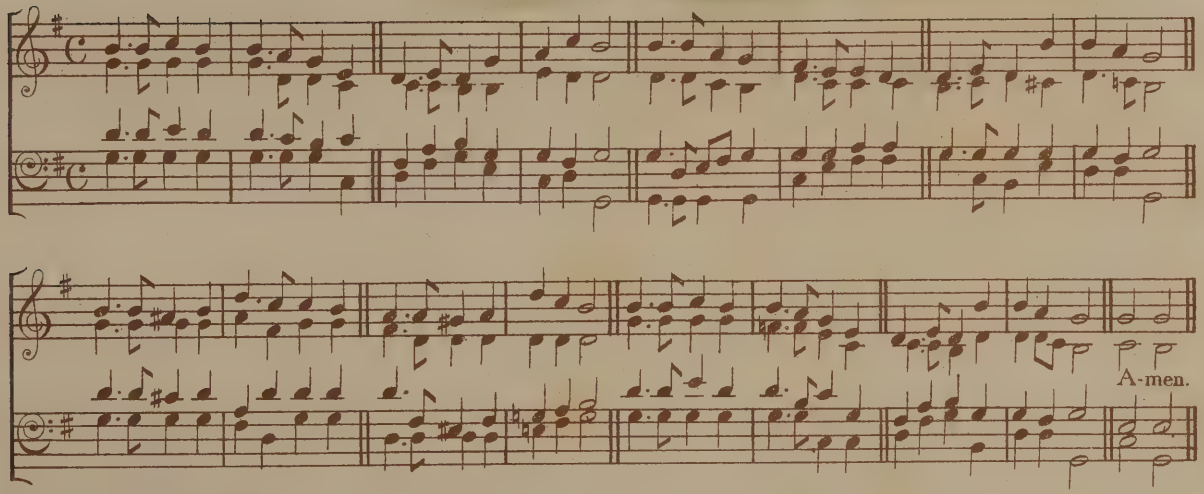
Who is this, so weak and helpless?

WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
  Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
  Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
  Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is GOD from everlasting,
  And to everlasting, GOD.

Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
  Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
  Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our GOD, our glorious Saviour,
  Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
  Where no tear can dim the eye.

Who is this? behold Him shedding
  Drops of Blood upon the ground.
Who is this, despised, rejected,
  Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our GOD, who gifts and graces
  On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
  All His foes beneath His Throne.

Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns?
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high;
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly. Amen.



Once in royal David's city.

ONCE in royal David's city
  Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
  In a manger for His bed :
Mary was that mother mild,
JESUS CHRIST her little Child.

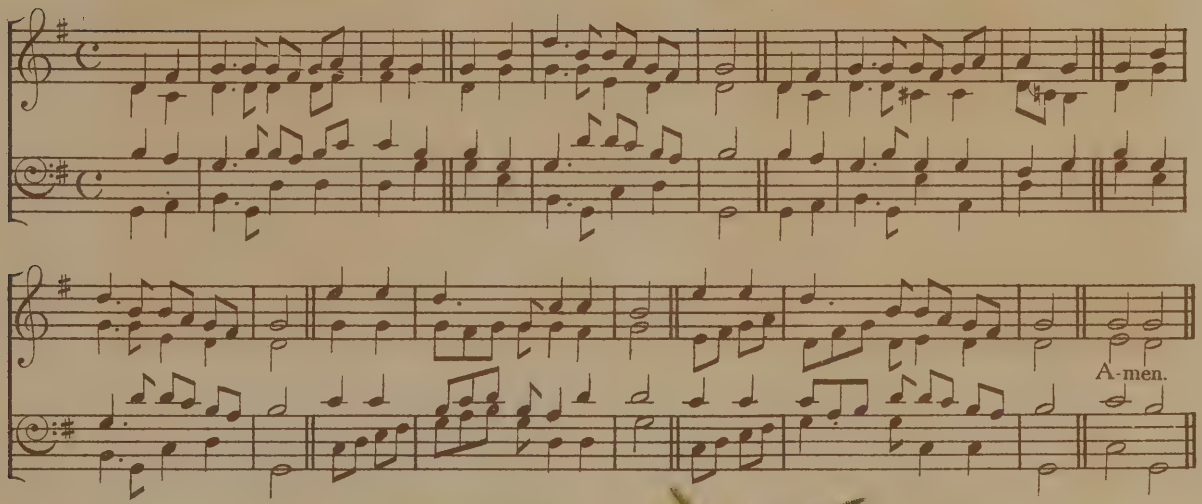
He came down to earth from Heaven
  Who is GOD and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
  And His cradle was a stall ;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And, through all His wondrous childhood,
  He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden
  In whose gentle arms He lay :
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
  Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
  Tears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's Right Hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around. Amen.



Christ is merciful and mild.

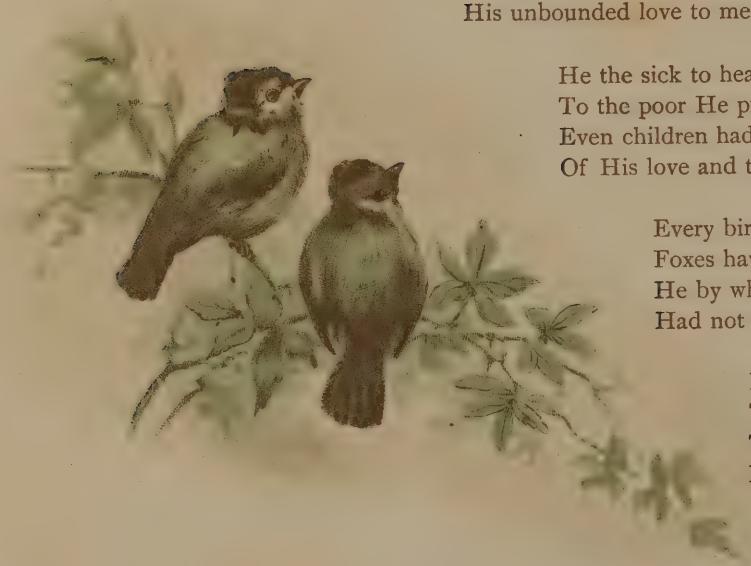
CHRIST is merciful and mild;
He was once a little Child;
He whom Heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

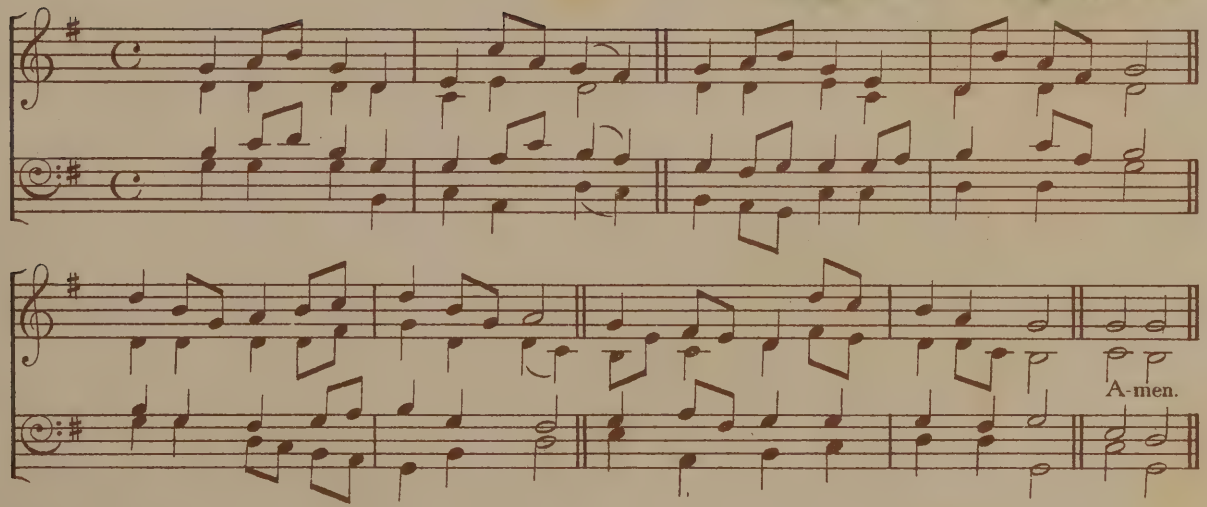
Thus He laid His glory by,
When for us He stooped to die:
How I wonder when I see
His unbounded love to me!

He the sick to health restored,
To the poor He preached the Word;
Even children had a share
Of His love and tender care.

Every bird can build its nest,
Foxes have their place of rest;
He by whom the world was made
Had not where to lay His Head.

He who is the Lord most high
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity. Amen.




A-men.

Songs of praise.

Songs of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake and it was done.

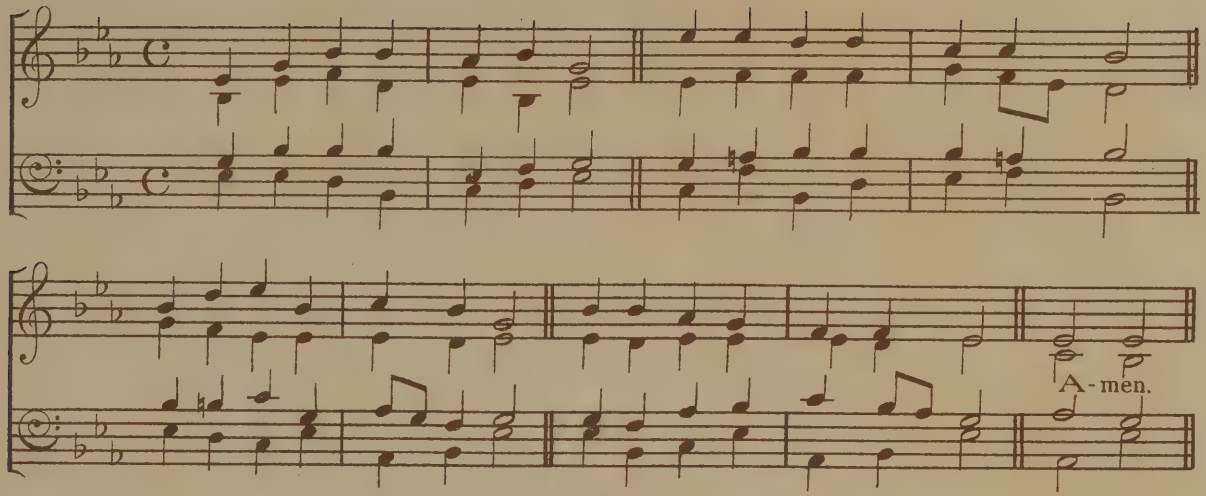
Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious Kingdom come ?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise ;
Jesu, glory unto Thee,
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.


A-men.

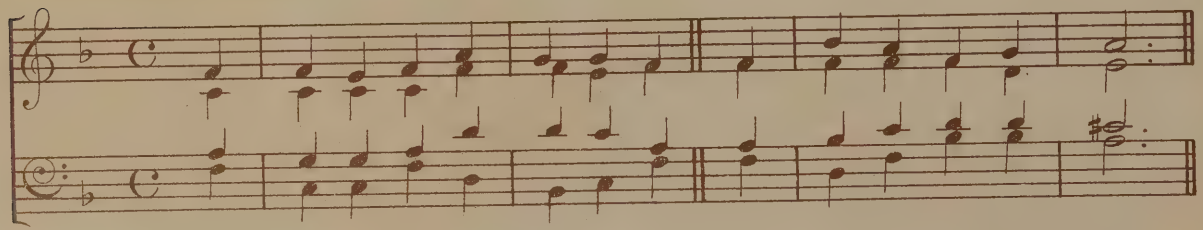
There is a book, who runs may read.

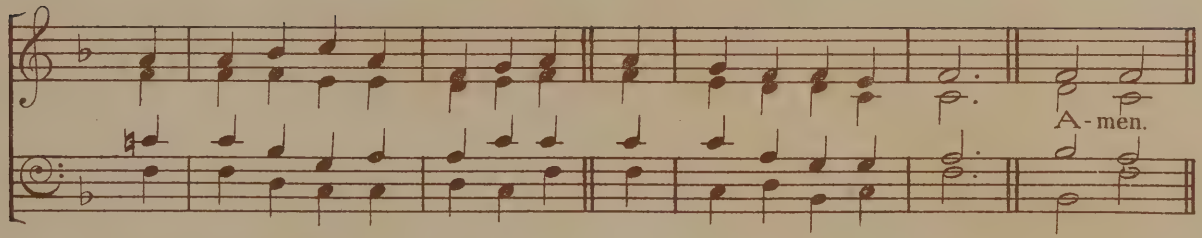
THERE is a book, who runs may read,
  Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
  Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of GOD, above, below,
  Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
  How GOD Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
  Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
  In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
  A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
  Each borrows of its Sun.





The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

The dew of Heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy SPIRIT'S viewless way.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

Jesus was once a little child.

Jesus was once a little child,
  A little child like me ;
Was cradled in His Mother's arms,
  And sat upon her knee.

Once He was just the age I am,
  And was as helpless too ;
He used to sleep and walk and speak,
  Just as all children do.

And yet, though He was once a child,
  He is the God of all,
And Angel hosts before His Throne
  In lowly worship fall.

And why was it He chose to be
  A child so poor and weak ?
It was that I might learn from Him
  How blessed are the meek ;

It was that I might learn from Him
  My parents to obey,
And, like the Child of Nazareth,
  Grow holier every day. Amen.

A - men.

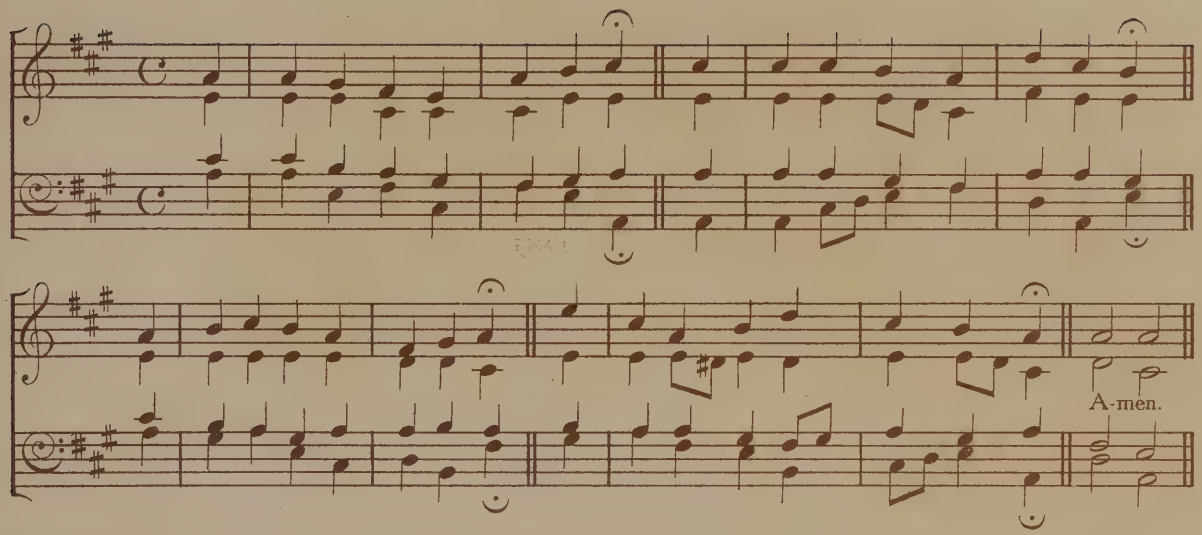
All people that on earth do dwell.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

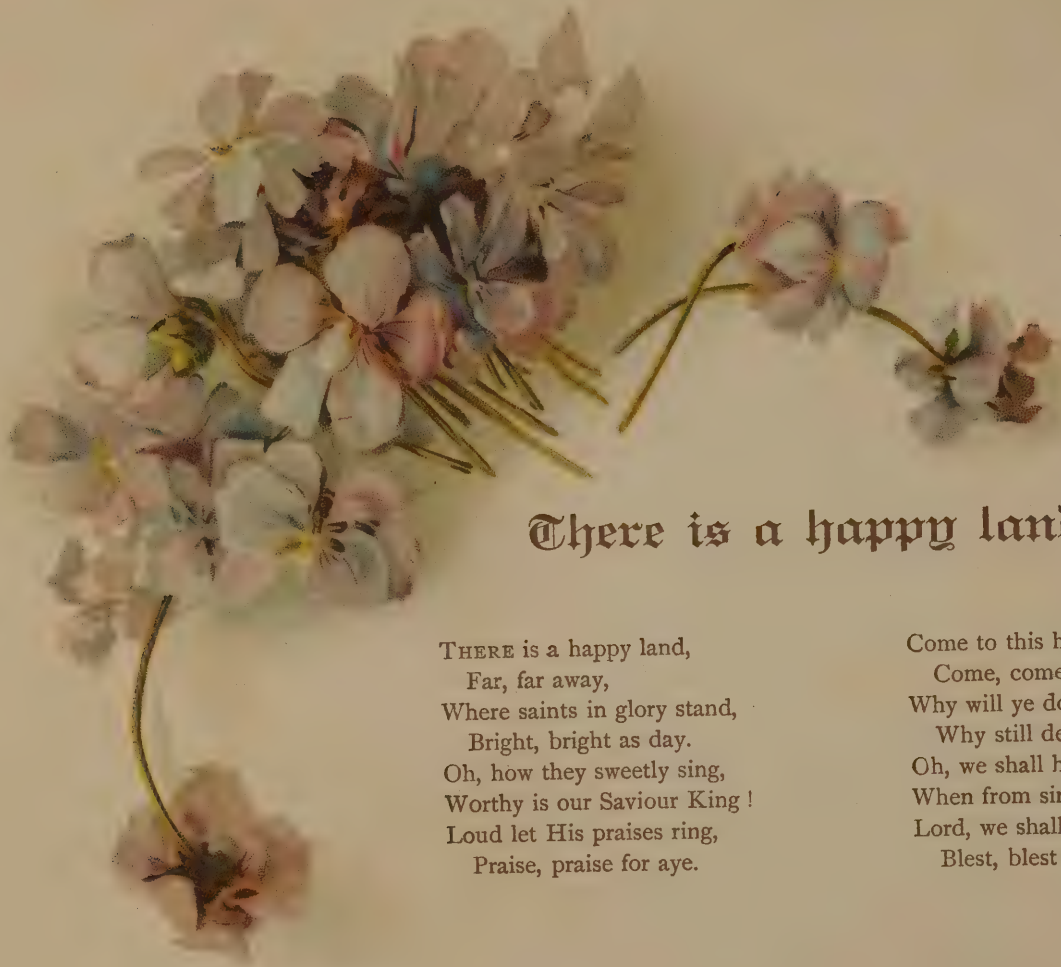
The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.



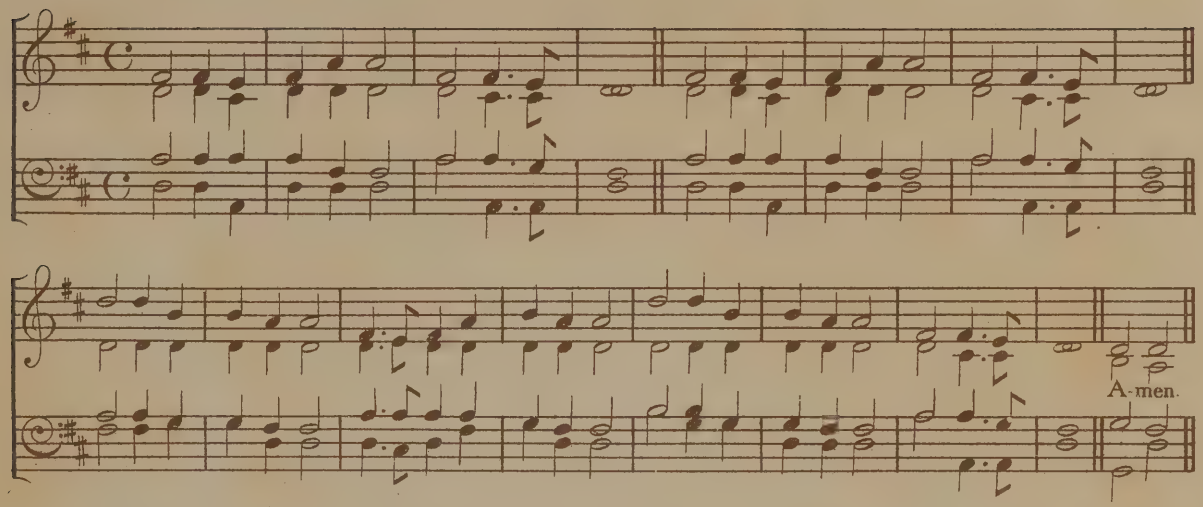
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
The God whom Heaven and earth adore;
From men, and from the Angel host,
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.



There is a happy land.

THERE is a happy land,
  Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
  Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King!
Loud let His praises ring,
  Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
  Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
  Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with Thee!
  Blest, blest for aye.



Bright in that happy land
  Beams every eye,
Kept by a FATHER'S Hand
  Love cannot die.
On then to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
  We'll reign for aye. Amen.

Jesus, high in glory.

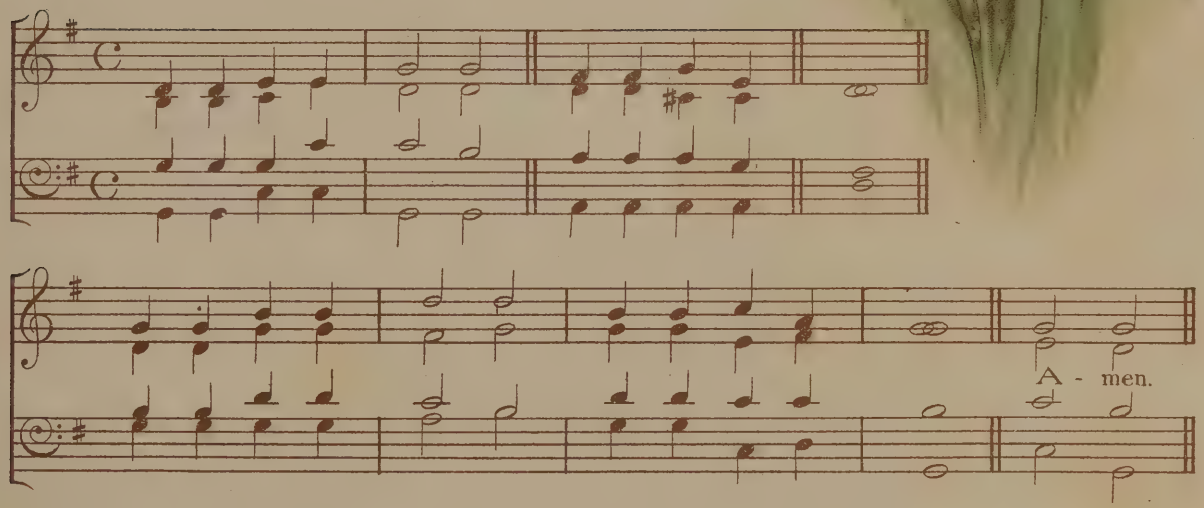
Jesus, high in glory,
  Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
  Children's praises hear.

Though Thou art so holy,
  Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
  When Thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
  Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
  In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning;
  Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
  Take our sins away:

Then, when Thou dost call us
To our heavenly home,
We shall gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come. Amen.



Around the Throne.

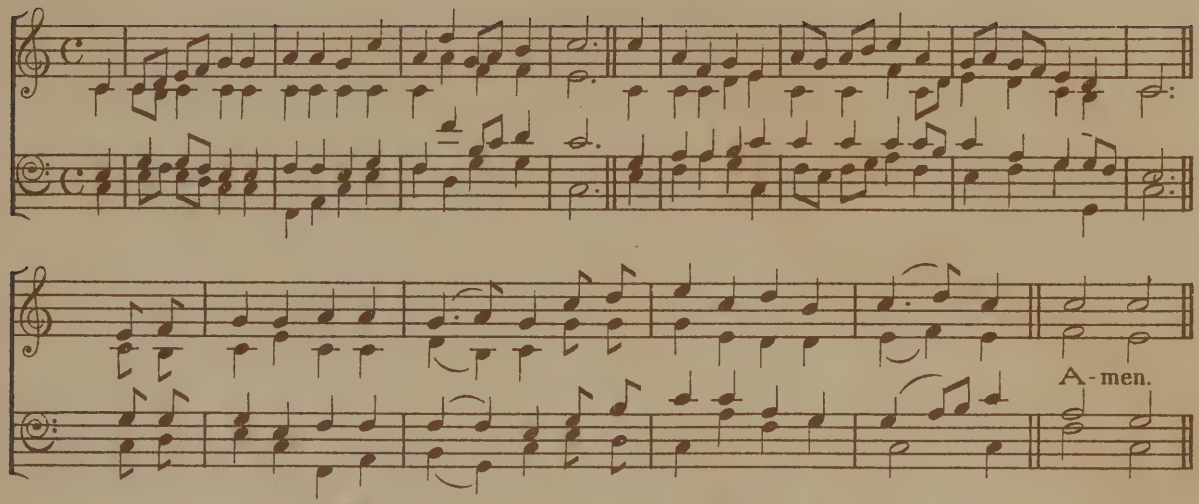
AROUND the Throne of God in Heaven
Shall countless children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white
Each one shall be arrayed;
Shall dwell in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade;
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

How shall they reach that world above,
That Heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How come those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory?

Because the Saviour shed His Blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
At last they see His blessèd Face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
Amen.

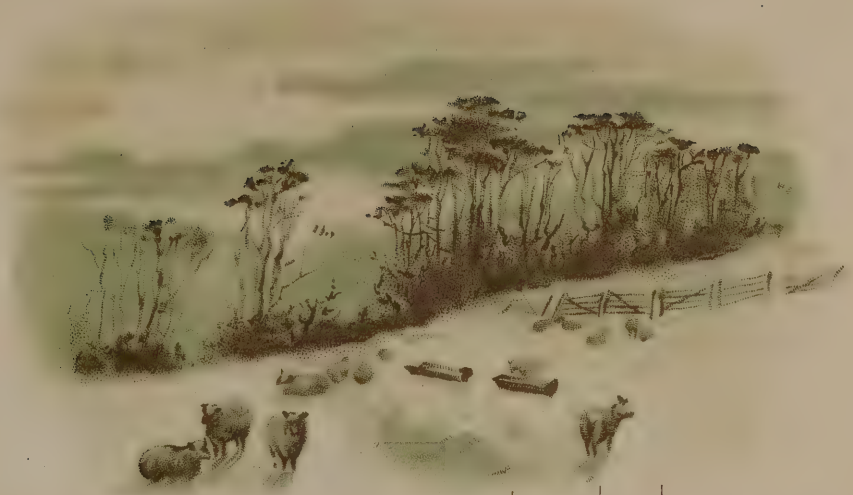

A-men.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

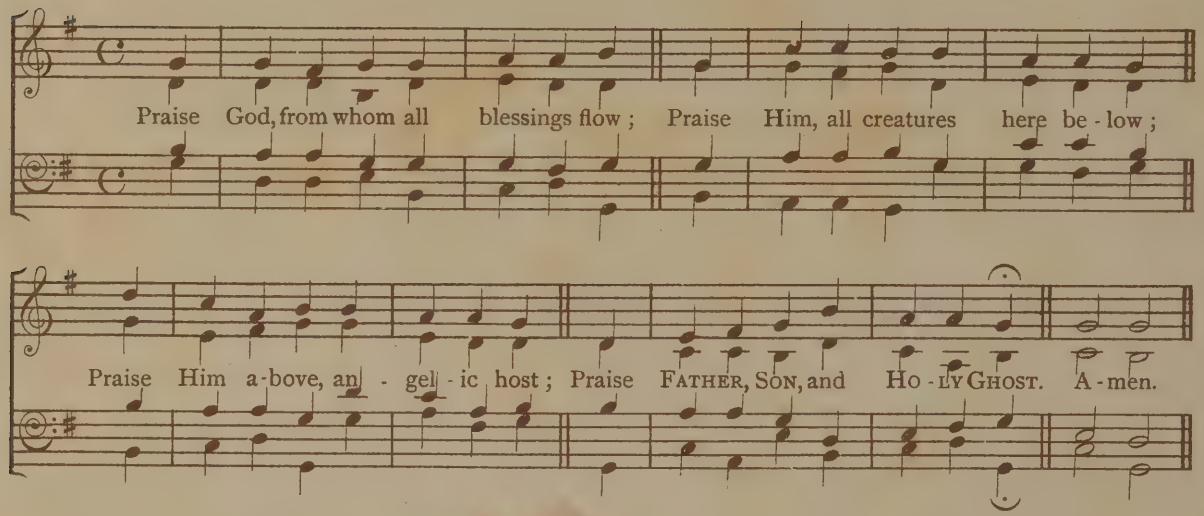
All this day Thy Hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Grant me, Lord, a place in Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.



A - men.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.



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